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TO THE MEMORY OF PASTEUR.

J. C. W.

AT A MOMENT when Notre Dame is saddened by the passing of one among her great teachers of science, it is surely in place to stop a while to take part in the centenary of Pasteur, properly commemorated during last December. No figure of the nineteenth century lasts better over into our time than he does. With him modern science began a new era, and in him she possessed her noblest model and certainly her most fascinating man. Everything about Pasteur was, of course, simple. He had a family and loved it, like ever so many other people; for a long time no great laboratory was at his disposal nor did any brilliant honors await his acceptance. As you passed him by you would have said, "Some poor medical practitioner, some student at the university."

And yet this man worked steadily and confidently forward until he unraveled the baffling problems of medicine to a length greater than what all recorded time before him had managed to unwind. Prior to Pasteur there were drugs of various sorts, amulets and the leeches; after him there was the germ and the method for battling with it. In saving a poor girl from the ravages of hydrophobia he preserved a multitude of people from harrowing death. Similar discoveries were carried out to distances undreamed of, were applied to at least a dozen ravenous modern plagues with marvelous success. Tetanus, smallpox, typhoid, diphtheria are largely harmless now where formerly they reaped harvests of millions. Industrial findings allied in character to medical chemistry were Pasteur's also: he solved the problem of fermentation and robbed milk of its power to give disease.

Even the inorganic world opened its book of secrets for his inspection.

About all the work of the man there is to be found a sanity of attitude and a consciousness of purpose quite extraordinary. He built up his career symmetrically, without hysterics or brilliance, slowly, cautiously, safely. Thus he is an honor to the profession of science and a benefactor of the world. Beyond that he proved a man who could be a modest citizen and an earnest son of the Church. The furore born of the pride of science rose to its highest wave at his doorstep and never even so much as moistened his feet. To the end he was humble and sincere in his faith and did not presume that his eminence in biology could dispense him from the teachings of the science of life. Thus he is a good character for the student of our time to look back upon and take direction from. No scientist of the future will probably ever be greater than Pasteur. None in the past has mingled more modesty with more power.

Louis Pasteur was born in 1822 and died in 1895. Life is very simple to put so. But where are the thousands of office-holders and wealthy merchants and half-sufficient citizens quick to drive a bargain, to whom the populace looked with envy for the glitter and gayety of their lives? Nowhere excepting it be obscurely in some hurried entry by the Angel of the Records, or glittering still upon some mocking mausoleum. And the son of science, whose study-lamp was for a long time his only shadowing radiance, rises to noble stature as the years go and mens eyes seek for him afar. By no sudden whim, merely by the timeless duties of nature, mankind judges it meet to honor Pasteur.

He was a world figure, and an unworldly one.

EVERY NIGHT OF HIS LIFE.

J. HENRY FANNAN.

"Where are you going to-night, Harold?" The question came from the dining room in a frail, discouraged voice; just as the youth addressed had descended the stairs three steps at a time, and had paused long enough to snatch his cap in the hallway.

"If I told you that, you'd know as much as I do, ma."

"But Harold, you're never home any more; and I'm so worried about you lately. I do wish that you'd stay away from that gang you talk about."

Contempt shone in the blue-gray eyes of the rebellious son as he placed his cap upon his head and gave the visor a petulant jerk.

"Shucks, ma, I guess I'm old enough to take care of myself," he sneered as he quit the house and violently closed the door after him.

"Anyone would think I was a baby, the way they're always snooping after me," he muttered peevishly as he hurried downtown.

The "they" referred to his widowed mother, Mrs. Rafferty, and his twenty-one-year-old sister who was two years his senior. They were confronted with the difficult task of looking after an unruly son and brother while providing a livelihood for themselves. The sister, Irene, had to shoulder the greater part of the household expense, for, although Harold worked fairly steadily when his escapades did not incapacitate him, most of his earnings seemed to be absorbed by the "gang." Harold felt free to rely upon his sister for support, but he did not like her interference in his personal conduct. It was, indeed, one thing to tell a person that his supper was ready, and another thing to remonstrate with him because he persisted in playing cards all night.

Harold felt quite justified in his statements when he asserted that he could take care of himself. If so, however, he must have forgotten the night on which he was so intoxicated that he attempted to pay the fare for everyone who boarded the street car in which he was riding. He must have forgotten also the kindly ministrations of his mother during the several days following a

drunken fight in which he suffered a serious scalp wound. Possibly he was not thinking of the efforts made by his mother and sister—as well as the benign Father Ryan whose altar boy he used to be, not so many years ago,—to secure his release from jail a few months past, when he was implicated with a group of young fellows who had stolen several automobiles for "joy rides."

At any rate he pictured himself as greatly misjudged and mistreated, and he really felt relieved as he sauntered independently into Hogan's tobacco shop and billiard room. Here he was one of the "gang," known by the appellation, "Red;" no sissy Harold around this "joint." The "real guys" were found here, the "regular fellows" who understood a young man's desire for a little recreation and excitement. Not a pessimist in the crowd. These fellows had plenty of time to spend with a friend, to tell him the latest joke, and to take a drink with him,—well, as long as his money lasted.

Shouts of "Hello, Rafferty!" or "How they goin', Red?" greeted him as he swaggered into the back room where the everlasting poker game was on. Those who were having their unlucky night left the table regretfully when their money had disappeared, and gave their place to those who were standing about, waiting for an opportunity to get into the game. Players seemed to be always plentiful.

"Where's 'Chuck' Scanlon to-night, Joe?" inquired Harold after he had watched the progress of the game for awhile.

"Chuck" Scanlon was Harold's best friend. Almost of an age the two boys had apparently drifted together into the sluggish current of a pool-room existence. Like Harold, the Scanlon boy was really good at heart, and as yet a mere novice in the professional school of "rough guys."

"Why, home at a wake; his old lady died the night 'fore last. Didn't you know 'bout it?"

"His mother dead!" stammered the surprised questioner.

"Yep! 'Chuck' found his ma croaking th' other night when he went home. Died kind o' sudden, it seems."

"He ought to be able to sit up at the wake," interrupted another bystander. "He's

had plenty of practice at our card games."

"Perhaps he can get some flowers from the right and left bowers," smirked another self-styled wag.

A fourth member of the crowd spat contemptuously and volunteered, "I s'pose the old Roman priest 'll get 'ittle Charlie under his wing again now."

After the first shock of amazement, Harold's feeling was one of resentment against the cruel banter of the speakers. Their crude jokes jarred his sense of reverence and sympathy, which had not yet been obliterated by the contact with the "gang." He was too dumfounded to attempt any rebuke. The sudden rush of events had thrown his brain into such a whirl that it was only in a vague way that he comprehended the final jibes of the speakers.

The very atmosphere of the room seemed to press upon him; he felt warm and uncomfortable, and the smoke-laden air choked him. He felt an overpowering desire to get away from the place; he feared that he would start a useless fight if he remained. He turned abruptly and roughly elbowed his way toward the door, unmindful of the glances and questions of the crowd which wondered at his strange change of behavior.

Out upon the cool street he strode along aimlessly. He had been brought face to face with a condition which he had never before considered, and he was somewhat staggered by it. He needed time to think a little, and to get hold of himself again. What was the meaning of the conversation he had just heard? Was this all that gang friendship meant? Was there no respect for the sorrow of others? What would have been said there to-night if he had been mourning the loss of his mother. Good God! Supposing it was his mother! No wonder the distracted youth swallowed hard and blinked his eyes, completely ignoring the folks who glared upon him as they were forced to step aside to prevent a collision.

At length he paused beside a news-stand where he purchased a paper in which he scanned the death notices until he found the brief summary: "Mrs. Patrick Scanlon,—died suddenly—few relatives, son, sister, cousin in Boston—funeral 9 o'clock tomorrow morning in St. Boniface's church." Then

at a little floral shop he left the sum with which he had intended to gamble at Hogan's.

There was no difficulty in finding the house, for he had frequently come that way with the inebriate Charles. Besides, the little home was well lighted to-night in comparison with the rest of the gloomy street.

He left his wreath with the lady who met him at the door, and proceeded awkwardly past the little group of mourners. The sight of the coffin and the lighted candles, the odor of flowers, and the persistent silence awed him, and he knelt humbly to say a prayer more fervent than any he had recited for some time, even during his now irregular visits to church.

When he arose he felt ill at ease; he did not know how to conduct himself. He was rescued, however, by the sister of the deceased who surmised that he was a friend of her nephew.

"The poor boy has taken his mother's death very hard," she said, after she had introduced herself and discovered Harold's identity. "He's lying on his bed and brooding over it now. Perhaps it would do him good to have some of his young friends talk with him a little. He'll wear himself out if he carries on like this. I'll show you up to his room if you care to see him."

She led the way upstairs and knocked gently upon one of the doors. Having received a muffled "Come in!" in reply, she opened the door so Harold might enter. She then closed the door and left him alone with the grieving boy.

There was no light in the room except a low gas flame above the dresser. In the dim light the form of a lad could be seen stretched face-downward across the bed. He had not stirred when he acknowledged the knock and there was no indication that he was aware of the other's presence in his room.

Harold received no answer even to his timid call, "Charlie." He approached the bed and gently shook his friend. A forlorn, tear-stained face beneath a towseled mass of curly brown hair was revealed when the boy rolled over and sat up on the side of the bed. Faint surprise was evident in his tired, brown eyes as he recognized his disturber who mumbled "I just heard about it to-

night. I'm sorry, Charlie. I—I can't tell you how—."

"Yes, yes, I know, Harold. I'm glad to have you come. Are any of the other boys here?"

"No; I suppose they don't know about it. Or else maybe they're kind of afraid to come, or something," lied Harold desperately. He desired to change the subject, so he hastily added: "You shouldn't take it so hard, Charlie. I know your mother died so suddenly that it must—"

"Oh, it isn't that alone," wailed the other youth, nearly sobbing again. "It's because I failed to show her any gratitude or love while she was alive. I hate to have to tell this, but I know that you won't think too hard of me for it, will you, Harold? I was out having a good time, as I thought, as usual last Tuesday night. Although I had been drinking a little, I came home earlier than I generally do; why, I don't know, unless it was that God was just that good to me. When I came in mother called me. I didn't want to answer at first because I figured that she was just trying to find if I was all right or not. I wonder how many hours I kept her awake worrying about me. God forgive me!" Charles buried his face in his hands and remained silent.

His friend placed his arm encouragingly over his shoulder, but the sudden revelation so nonplussed him that he could not frame a coherent sentence. Apparently Charles did not notice the attempted consolation, but at length he roused himself, and continued:

"I did go up to her room, though, and then she told me she was very sick and was afraid that she was going to die. She had been lying there waiting for me for a long time, because she was too weak to even go to the telephone. I called up Father Ryan and a doctor as quickly as I could, and then phoned to Aunt Mary. I don't know what I would have done these past two days if it hadn't have been for Aunt Mary. I've been so down and out that everything has depended upon her, and to think that I used to dislike her because she was too much of a meddler when she would try to make mother be more strict with me. Well, mother didn't live long after they all arrived, but before she—before she went, she said 'I can't be with you much longer,

Charles, but I hope you will always live so that you could come home to me unashamed every night of your life.'"

For a few moments the boy could not continue his story. His listener made no effort to speak. He was sharing his comrade's silent agony with him as the words brought to his mind the image of his own neglected mother.

"I've got to do that much," Charles went on again abruptly. "God knows I did little enough for her while she was alive. It may be pretty hard to break away from the wild nights, but I'm going to try for her sake. I only wish that I hadn't spent as much of my time that way before—while mother was still with me."

"I'm afraid that there are a good many of us who don't see things in the right way until it is too late," sighed Harold. "Well, I'm certainly with you in your resolve to quit the boys down at Hogan's. I guess that I can do a little reforming myself, and perhaps we can help each other."

"You mean that you're going to give up poker and all the rest, too?"

"Yes, I'm done with them, I hope. Things appear a lot different to me after tonight's experience."

"It'll be a big help, Harold, to have a good chum like you to help me along after this. I suppose that I'll live with my aunt after things are settled here. I hope you will come over to see me often for I may get pretty lonesome, especially at night, you—"

"Yes, you bet I will, Charlie. And you can come over to our house sometimes and have a little game of cards for fun. Why we won't miss the gang half as much as they miss us," Harold concluded enthusiastically.

"I'll be all right if I don't weaken," replied Charles, smiling faintly.

"I guess that neither of us will lose our determination if we don't forget our mothers. I think that we had better go down now and say a little prayer for your mother, and then one for each other, Charlie."

It was after midnight when Harold left his friend still kneeling in the light of the blessed candles. Self-reproach, repentance, and resolutions to strive to redeem himself in the eyes of his mother and his sister alternately filled his mind as he walked home.

ward. In his heart was a genuine thankfulness that he had been taught his lesson in time.

His heart pounded furiously, almost audibly, as he stealthily let himself in the front door and crept up the stairs, only to hear the challenge, "Harold, is that you?" He did not answer for a moment for the thought had flashed into his mind, "What if I had been compelled to enact the role played by Charlie." He gave a sigh of relief to think that he had been able to see his mistake before it was too late.

"I'm going in to see you, mother. I've got something to tell you."

"All right, Harold."

"First of all," laughed Harold, "I want to assure you that I'm sober to-night; haven't had a drop, in fact. And I didn't lose a cent in poker, either, although I did spend most of my money, however, for,—for,—well, for some flowers for Mrs. Scanlon who is going to be buried tomorrow."

"You what?" gasped his mother.

"Oh, I don't wonder that you're surprised. And you will be even more surprised when I tell you that I'm done with the gang and those all night parties. I'm afraid it's too much of a story to tell you now; perhaps I shall tell you all about it some day. Anyway, I'm going to try to cut out the nonsense, mother, so you won't have to be worrying about me all the time. I've been guilty of a lot of selfishness for which I'll have to make up."

"You've atoned for a great deal of it to-night, I think, Harold."

"To-morrow morning, I'm going to the funeral. Then in the afternoon I'll have to find a good job. I guess that I forgot to tell you that I lost my job at Jackson's to-day?"

"No, you didn't tell me, Harold."

"I'm afraid that I haven't told you lots of things that you might have wanted to know about, but tomorrow night I'm going to stay at home for a great chat with you and Irene. Gee, Irene won't know me. And the next night I want you and Irene to be all ready for a show because I'm going to buy three tickets to the best theater in town. Say, mother, isn't it a long time since the three of us have been somewhere together?"

UTOPIAN U.

HARRY A. McGUIRE.

(Second Talk.)

Dinner over, my friend of the Utopian college led me back into the library, and we sat down before the great hearth blazing, in dignified delight, like a learned old scholar whose lips give back mellow wisdom in exchange for mellow wine.

For some time we sat in reflective silence, listening to what the fire had to tell us, and watching its face as it spoke. Apolodaye first sensed its message.

"The fat-faced old fellow," he said, "is trying to tell us that he is thankful for the good wood with which we have replenished him. He says it was a foolish man who last night mixed the good logs with bad, sickly ones, and expected him to be nourished by them in a robust blaze. The good ones alone were meant for the fire—and by mixing these with green timber a creation was achieved which was neither good nor very bad, but only futile and diseased. The good wood could not make the bad wood become like itself, but the bad wood could and did throw its pariah spell over the other, polluting and rendering fruitless the logs that by themselves would have laughed and sung, and told us things as these sputtering logs are doing. Last night our friend who lives in the hearth was sullen, stupid fellow, whose throat was choked by smoke, and whose presence radiated only a lack-lustre kind of warmth. And so you see it doesn't pay."

"What doesn't pay?" I asked.

He looked at me hard and steadily for a moment before he answered, and then he said, in a low voice, "Democracy in education."

I was startled. "Why Rastel," said I, "democracy is the keynote of our progress, it is the consummation of the highest dreams of idealists, and our education would not be modern without it."

"Just so," he thrust back; "without it your education would not be very modern: very utilitarian, very hysterical conglomeration of gold and garbage that it is. Remember, Douglas, I am not attacking the principle of democracy which says that all

men are born equal and should have equal opportunities. But I am hitting that slobbering sentimentality that would conquer every obstacle by uttering the word 'Democracy', that conceives a person as being some conniving egoist the moment he questions the meaning of a phrase that has become the plaything of infants. Democracy! Douglas, that's a fine thing when it is democracy; and I doubt that what we call democracy in education is that. The democratic spirit which makes an undergraduate stand or fall in the eyes of his fellow students purely on his merits, which makes the campus handclasp a thing of meaning to two men—ah, that is admirable. But the democracy which aims at mass university education is neither democracy nor education. It is a mere corruption of learning into a system which tends to bring all students to a common intellectual level, in order that the unfitted may participate in the mockery. It says: we must educate everybody; and we must educate them in much the same way; and since the mob is incapable of rising to the educational standard of the competent few, we must lower the standard so that everyone may be included. Now in all times, past, present or future, there is but a certain percentage of the people who are fitted for higher education, or, for that matter, who really want it. Is it just that the few capable men be dragged to the level of those who seldom want and never appreciate an education?"

"But everyone wants an education today," I insisted.

"You are wrong," he replied. "Everyone wants to amble through four years of undergraduate life, and be able to say at the end of that time that he is a college man. Not twenty per cent of your present undergraduates want learning."

"But what is your basis for judging whether a man really wants an education or not?"

"Effort! Effort combined with some ability. Marks are but ashes, and your present examination system is a disagreeable game of tag, with the professor trying to catch the students, and the students hiding behind trees and tripping the professor as he hurries after them; and while he is brushing

the dust from his eyes the merry studs dash away, shouting derisively at the whole affair. Let effort, Douglas, be the mark that distinguishes the college man in America, as it is here in Utopia."

A contemplative silence fell over us, like the shades of evening that steal over the mountains on the heels of the sun, leaving them in peace to think out their eternal thoughts.

"Why Douglas," said Apoldaye finally, "do you not see that higher education is by nature an aristocratic institution? A thing is aristocratic when it is the highest developed of a class—and humanity, with its talents and ambitions, cannot but bring forth persons and things of a type superior to other persons and things of the same general kind. True democracy only offers everyone the opportunity to achieve distinction, in education as in politics and business. That is as it should be."

"What your country should build up (and it will eventually) is an aristocracy based upon brains and character, and that should be done through its colleges. It is there that a nation's power should be founded, its greatness made fine and permanent through the development and training of its leaders. And remember this; that flowers will not thrive in a garden of weeds, nor will thinkers rise in a community of unthinking men."

Suddenly our quiet talk was cut short by the opening of the broad door, accompanied by a gust of wind that sought all corners of the room, like a blatant, unwelcome guest. And with the same wind came a man, a young man who bore his years with austerity, well aware that his was the head of a judge and his mind was a crystal, searching light, like that of a seer.

He stalked up to us, and threw his malice-filled eyes on me. "Dog of a pup," he cried (and the geniality of the room seemed to wrap itself in a cloak and shrink away), "what do you do here, using your tongue to speak words, and your mind to think things?"

I was lost in blind dread, like a child whose loving caresses to a dog are answered by a snarl, and a snap of teeth; nevertheless I faltered, "Pardon, great sir, but I make no

pretence at thinking, but only *trying* to think; and I know my tongue can master only awkward words."

His lips turned in a sneer, and the blood of rage painted his face a livid red. "Upstart," he hissed, "bear in mind that you are one year eight months and 23 days younger than I. Think nothing, speak nothing, then, lest what you say or think be contrary to what *I know!*"

"But . . ." I interposed, mildly.

"Silence!" he screamed, and my lips fell dumb, for I realized the awful truth of what he said—that I was one year, eight months and 23 days younger than he. And besides, one could tell from his manner (which I dared not resent, for he was one year, eight months and 23 days older than I) that that here was a man who spoke with the finality of wisdom, and who brooked no contradiction of his oracular genius.

"So then, youth," he shouted in a last blaze of oratory, pointing a passionate finger at my cringing form, "be content with the opinions of your elders, and heed the fatherly warning that I have seen fit to offer you out of the condescension that comes with experience and age." With that he turned and strode out; and because of his superiority he did not even deign to close the door as he left.

Silence once more. But into the blackness of my humiliation there pierced the sounds of an uproarious laugh—and it came from Rastel Apolodaye.

"I only hope," said Rastel from the depths of his mirth, "that when we reach that gentleman's ripe old age we shall be as funny as he is now."

And he burst into laughter again.

Your failure may be only the first rung in the ladder of success, if you will regard it as such.

Did the "movie" actors and actresses live the parts they play on the screen, there would be no Hollywood scandal.

The pitcher who winds up with men on bases generally winds up in the "bush league."

SEEING LIFE AS IT IS.

HARRY W. FLANNERY.

The frequent advice of the veteran writer to the aspiring scribbler is to learn to care for all things, to learn never to be gored, to learn to turn a sympathetic eye on all humanity. By this means, sympathy, and this means only, can one know men. It is the test of the master—witness almost every famed penman—and Barrie, dramatist, novelist, and short story writer, is a master in sympathy. I doubt that anyone who comes unprejudiced to his works can withstand their charm, and do else but say Barrie is among the greatest of writers. There are many better playwrights, perhaps, those who observe the orthodox technicalities perfectly, but there are few who oftener make the audience forget "it is only a play." There are writers who weave more intricate plots or choose prettier scenes for the action, but there are few who oftener make you think "this could not have been better", or who oftener bring tears to a face that smiles.

Barrie knows men. He knows their inner souls—the inner souls of his mannikins, the inner souls of his readers. He knows the fundamental goodness in the soul, and he looks on it with the eyes of the simple child. It is not so much in what Barrie says that his fame rests, but in what he leaves unsaid. There is never a superfluous word in the literary-matured Barrie, only the essentials remain. *Two of Them*, for instance, has almost no setting or plot—it is almost a pure portrayal of character alone, but yet, ended, one realizes that a pretty tale has been and one closes the book with a smile and a feeling of having read something worthwhile.

Barrie's prose is like poetry. It is not the poetry of beautiful words, nor of unmatchable scenes, but the poetry of inmost human nature. He especially delights in making the more humble be his characters. The life of the poor Scotchman, Cree Query, the grinder, the life of William Hicking, the inconsiderate waiter, or the life of the Admirable Crichton, superior butler, is the life that Barrie best reveals, for in these poor people he is best able to show sympathy, and in his powers of sympathy lie Barrie's great

worth. But Barrie can show the life of the successful man (as the world sees him), too, and his picture of the clubman in *The Inconsiderate Waiter* is a good example. Barrie's chief mission, however, is in popularizing the bread and butter, the crackers and cheese, of life.

It is a relief to read Barrie after reading the resounding claptrap of Nathans, Menckens, Dos Passos, Fitzgeralds, and W. L. Georges. Barrie is the very contrary of these. He shows life, real life, realism, but Barrie's eyes are kindly and he does not light upon exterior ugliness; he lights on interior beauty. He learns the whys, and even in the errors of men he finds a kindly reason. There is no venom, no scorn, no superiority, in Barrie; he loves men. Barrie is the writer of ideas, not of opinions. He is the propagandist of mankind's nature and beauty, not mankind's perversities and ugliness.

Barrie has the character to see men as they are. He is quiet and silent. Barrie is a good listener, a good observer. Such men are those who write best. A man who can picture a situation with a lightning flash, has proved himself an accurate observer. Barrie has a clever picture of David in *Tommy and Grizel*. Watch David as he tries to walk unconcernedly out of the room in which Tommy and Aaron sit, into the room where Elspeth is playing softly on the piano:

"David has risen and he is so thoroughly at his ease that he begins to hum. He strolls round the kitchen, looking with sudden interest at the mantelpiece ornaments; he reads, for the hundredth time, the sampler on the wall; next the clock engages his attention; it is ticking, and that seems to impress him as novel and curious; by this time he has reached the door, it opens to his touch, and in a fit of abstraction he leaves the room."

In *Two of Them* he describes a dress just as a man would: "It is yellow and brown with pins here and there." The description is continued in the same manner.

Dumas never wrote sustained conversation more simply than Barrie. In *Two of Them*, for instance, he continues conversation without the use of "said," "reply," "assert," and the rest of the devices, for twenty-two

exchanges, until the story is within three short paragraphs of its end. Another good example of his power in this respect is found in the pages near the end of *The Little Minister*.

I have never read a better short story than *Two of Them*. Critics say that the hardest short story to write is one of love, and Barrie has here chosen love, the hardest, as his theme. But to Barrie, childlike lover of love, love is one of the easiest subjects, love between man and woman, or man and man. *The Inconsiderate Waiter* is a story of love between man and man. All Barrie's stories are some kind of love story. *The Little Minister* is a story of the love of Gavin Dishart for the Egyptian, *Tommy and Grizel* is the story of the love of Tommy and Grizel, and *The Admirable Crichton* is a story of the love and superiority of Crichton. The love that Barrie reveals, especially through Grizel, is not silly, sentimental, rash, or foolish, but it is a rational tribute of admiration to the good in the soul. Barrie is a subtle and pleasing preacher, whose main theme is the love that he states so well in *Tony and Grizel*:

"It is foolish to demand complete success of those we want to love; we should rejoice when they rise for a moment above themselves, and sympathize with them when they fall. In their heyday young lovers think each other perfect, but a nobler love comes when they see their failings also, and this higher love is so much more worth attaining to that they need not cry out though it has to be beaten into them with rods. So they learn humanity's limitations, and that the accursed thing to me is not the accursed thing to you, and from this comes pity for those who have sinned, and the desire to help each other springs from it, for knowledge is sympathy and sympathy is love, and to learn it the Son of God became a man."

Character predominates in a Barrie story. That is natural since human nature is his subject. When he writes he loses himself in his manikins. "It is contemptible weakness," says Barrie, "that if I say a character smiled vacuously; if he frowns or leers I frown or leer; if he is a coward and given to contortions, I cringe, or twist my legs until I have to stop writing to undo the knot."

I bow with him, eat with him, and gnaw my mustache with him. If the character be a lady with an exquisite laugh, I suddenly terrify you by laughing exquisitely."

F. Marion Crawford also forgot himself when he planned a story. He jumped from one position to another, excitedly playing the part of each character as he imagines the story's progress. It is natural for an artist to perform sympathetic actions that correspond with the subject in which he is interested. This is true in drawing, in the good musician, in the capable actor. This habit puts the creator into closer contact with his creations; in fact, he is the creation for the time and the creations are insofar made real.

Almost all of Barrie's stories are set in Thrums, and one is pleasantly surprised to meet even the same characters in many Barrie books. That characteristic makes the books even more lifelike, for in life one is always surprisedly meeting someone thought passed on never to be met again.

The Widow in Thrums and *Auld Licht Idylls* are peculiar books. From the appearance of the table of contents they seem to be complete works of fiction, but their only connection is that of place and people. Each chapter might stand by itself, as a separate story or sketch. Barrie's best short stories are in these books, with the exception of *Two of Them... Cree Queerry and Mysy Drolly*, found in one of these books, is a story of poor weavers. It shows the self-denial, the extraordinary patience, the unusual honesty, that dignifies the pathetic Cree. *The Courting of T'Nowhead's Bell* is a pleasant tale about the victory of the persuasive Sam'l Dickie over Little Sanders Elshiosher in the race for the desired Bell. Sanders, poor gullible chap, always felt that aggressive Sam'l had done him a favor in winning Bell. "Bell", explains Sanders, "ou, a mere passin' fancy 's ye micht say."

I have not read all of Barrie's yet, for he has written much, but I will read all within the next year or two, for Barrie refreshes me after reading the cynics, whose important works must be read, "just to know them."

Your college diploma should be a certificate that you have begun your education.

VERSE.

RENDEZVOUS.

Clear sky,
But two slender clouds
Glide to the meeting place,
Whisper a love word
And close lip to lip;
Softly, with lingering touch,
Fingers outstretched,
Two slender clouds
Part in silence;
A small, ivy tear-drop
Is left,
But swift perishes
In a clear sky.

H. A. M.

WINTER.

Over mountain, over glen,
Through birch, through pine,
Over plain, over fen,
Through sleeping eglantine

I did whisper love's sweet tune
To the rose awaiting June;
And with snowy arms I prest
Earth's broad bosom to my breast;
Painted I the window pane
With the plans of my domain:
Those are images from where
The fairies tip-toe through the air:
I must go seek a hail-stone now
And hang a bead on every willow's bough.

R. M. M.

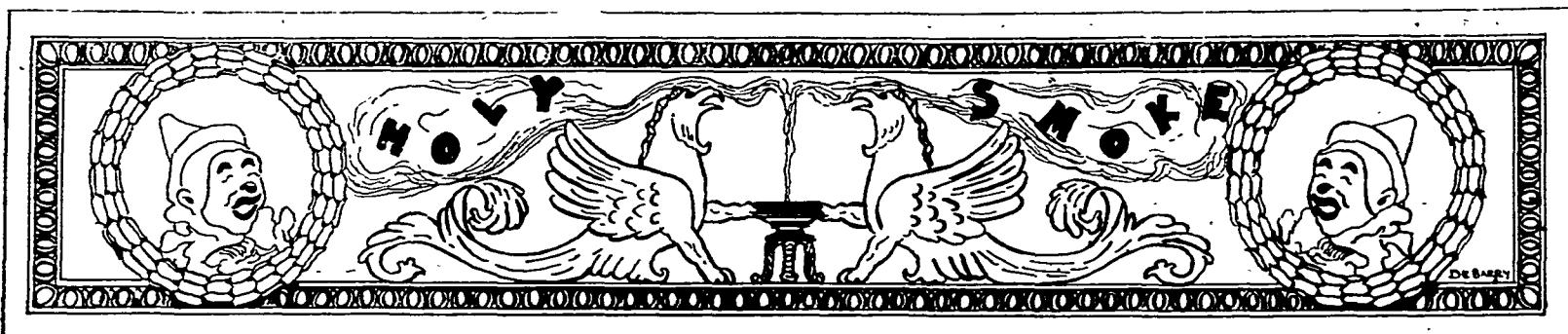
THE NARROW WAY.

[Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.]

This is the pathway, here, my son,
The trail your forbears trod.
Here, the lessons one by one
They learnt; the praise of God,
The fuller life, the ampler zeal
For Knowledge, brave and good.
.... And you must tread it,
Footing bravely, mid the dust and smell
Of the strife, this earthly life,
The torment, and the hell.

But the yearnings of a lifetime, aye forever,
Slowly gotten by the way
Will give of Hope and Strength, full
measure
Should He will you die to-day!

R. R. MACGREGOR.



WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS SENTENCE?

He hit him with his cane on the nose and broke it which he patched up with glue and wire and hung in the hall 'till it was dry, and fit to scare dogs again.

Anser: There is no anser.

Prof: Use the word summarize in a sentence.

Fresh: When we are called in the morning some of us keep on sleeping, but some arise.

Spic: He hangs around the best homes in town.

Span: What's his line?

Spic: Wall paper.

GIDDAP.

And now there
Approaches
That night-mare,
Period; When we
Must, "Say it with
WRITING."

AT THE BURLESQUE.

Jim: That last number was sure great. I'd like to know the chorus.

Joe: Impossible, old man! The manager doesn't allow them to go out.

Irish: Spell "Hades."

English: Haych—He—Hell—Hell; "Ell."

Junior: You haven't seen a muskrat around here, have you?

Fresh: I don't know Amos.

SUCH TITLES.

He: Do you like Bees Knees?

She: I don't know. I never ate any.

'TWAS EVER US.

A spendthrift is young Harvey Bloke.
The way he blows dough is no joke.
His dad used to send
His checks to "South Bend,"
But now they're addressed to "South Broke."

Hazel: What did you do when Freddie kissed you?

Violet: I pushed him—in the back of the head.

O' MARR NOT MY RECORD.

Oh, thou who didst with cruelly facile pen
Set down sans mercy every absence, when
I had at least three guys call out my name—
Smile not! 'tis not to laugh. I now have ten.

Yon rising sun that looks for me again
How oft hereafter will it search in vain.
For me in this same class room. Just two more—
And I'll be done.—Prof! Tear that book in twain!

IN ECONOMICS

Prof: Now explain how labor may be lead.
Stude: Because its so dull and heavy.

Anser: Have you enough left for a stamp to
anser it ?

He: So you asked her father for her hand last
night? How did you come out?

Him: Like a comet.

Foolishness

Flap: I see here that a man had his head cut
off and died from it.

Jack: He must have been in grave condition.

EVEN THE FARM.

Lem: Why do you want to sell all your hens?
Cy: They're all Klux.

First Stude: How would your room-mate act if
we locked the door and made him come in through
the window?

Sec. Stude: He'd just get indifferent.

FOOLISH FACTS.

1: One and one are two except when its Haig
and Haig.

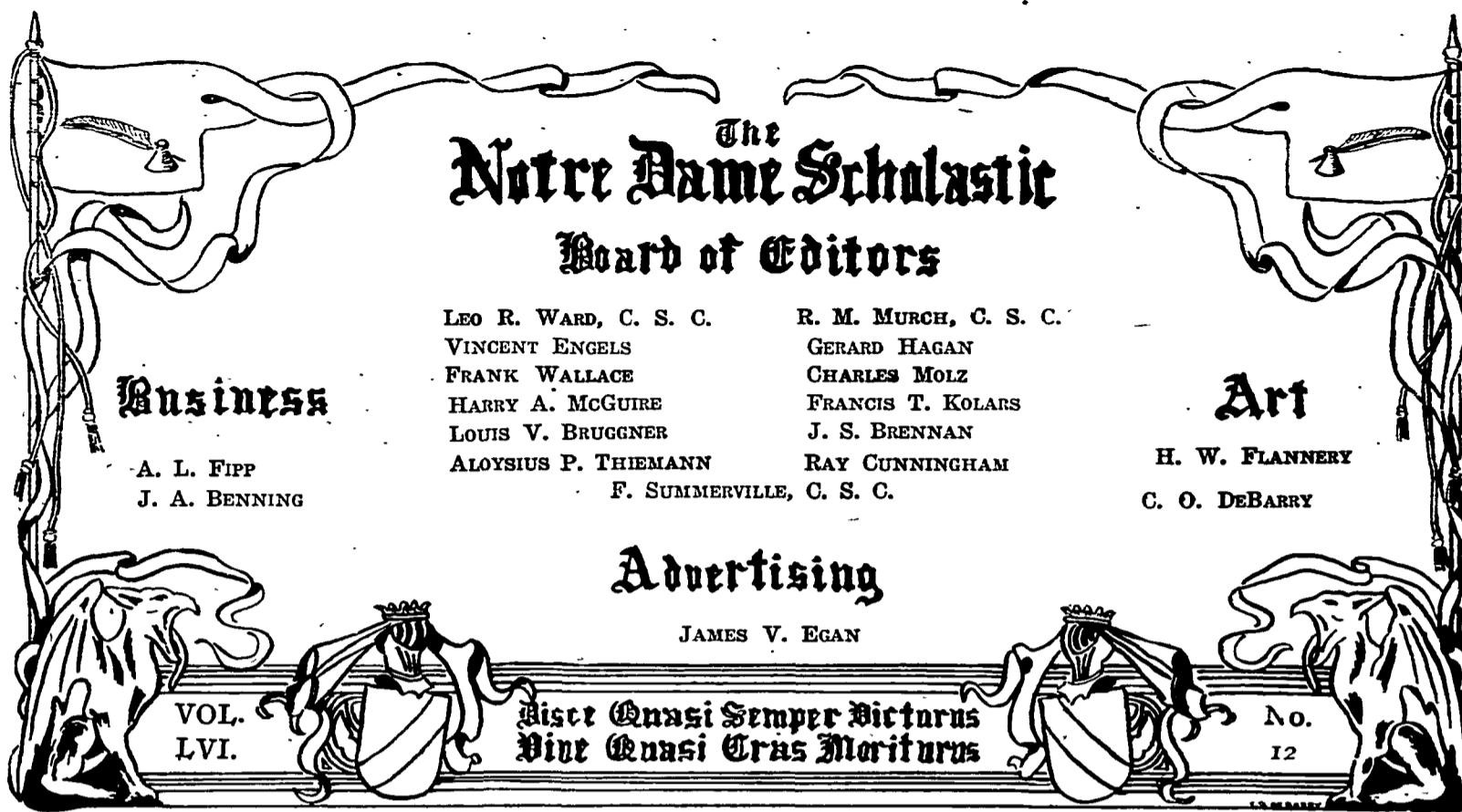
2: Don't forget that "Krazy Kat," always got
Klouted on the Kopf.

3: Ate and ate equals sick-s-ta 'n' toast are
better.

4: A "pickled man" is usually never "sour."

5: Statistics show that half of the parents in the
ward are mothers!

KOLARS.



The "peanut gallery," says Lee Shubert, theatrical producer, is passing. The architecture of the modern theatre and observation,

THE NEW GALLERY. speaking, Shubert is right. But it is not passing from South Bend. No matter how small

the audience may be in the pit, the gallery at the Oliver is always filled. The gallery fans are not the noisy, enthusiastic mob of some years ago. Actors, must, however, still play to the gallery since they realize that it is still the real court of public opinion. The gallery used to hiss their disapproval, to stamp their feet and cry out their appreciation, but the day's South Bend gallery, filled with teachers, students, and many of the people who used to find places in the pit or the gallery, indicate appreciation by applause, and disapproval by silence. The vehement gallery mob who crowded in for the Saturday night performance is now replaced by the quiet gallery crowd of every night. The gallery of old is passing but the gallery itself, in South Bend, a university town, is not passing. As long as there are students with a hunger for amusement and little money to pay for it, they will file into the gallery, and other people in South Bend, knowing that the gallery is no longer a place for peanut crunchers will help them fill it.

—HARRY W. FLANNERY.

The campus needs a daily paper. Eventually the campus will get it. Summing up the opinion of the whole student body, there

is probably almost unanimous agreement that a newspaper issued four or five times a week should be established. When it shall be established, what machinery shall be used to form a smoothly working organization, those are questions that cannot be overlooked. They are, however, matters of detail that are subordinate to the most important fact, that the university has grown to the point where a newspaper is almost a necessity.

Both the students and the school need a publication that will give the news and the publicity that is inadequately distributed at present through the SCHOLASTIC, as a weekly, and the bulletin boards. For notices the bulletin boards are at times ineffective. They are primitive, to say the least. A student body, no matter how compact, will always be news hungry. The SCHOLASTIC has, however, never been a newspaper. News is news only when it is hot and fresh, never when it is a week old. Even if Friday's news could be published in Saturday's SCHOLASTIC, space is not available for all those events that are on the calendar of an ordinary campus week.

The newspaper, when it comes, will be a

good laboratory for the journalists. We have in mind that they will realize their opportunity, even at the sacrifice of hard work. Publishing a newspaper, whether large or small, is work. A journalist needs more energy, persistence and grit than any other tradesman. A college newspaper will be as good a place for the student journalist to learn that as anywhere.

Some of those who are enrolled now will see a campus daily, whether it is founded this year, next year, or the year after. It will be a part of the new Notre Dame just as the new dormitories and new class buildings. We are confident in saying that there is not another university of the size and importance of Notre Dame that does now not sponsor a newspaper for the convenience of its students. In the old days a newspaper was less badly needed. But times change. Perhaps even now there are persons who will lift their hands in horror at the disappearance of such a venerated publication as the weekly SCHOLASTIC. Even the good must die. And if we shall lose something in the demise of the weekly SCHOLASTIC, we shall gain, too. The sight of the minims yelling "All about the Sorin Hall scandal" in front of the cafeteria will be worth something.

MOLZ.

Oxford University will send a debating team from England to this country to meet teams drawn from half a dozen of our

American universities this

MENTAL ATHLETICS. The collegiate minds of this country have been pitted against the collegiate minds of another country before, but few people have ever heard about the contests. Once again it is certain that this international contest of mental athletes will not receive so much attention as the many contests of physical athletes receive. In time, perhaps, since people are realizing more and more the value of education, these mental games may be as frequent and as much known as the physical ones. It is possible. Both are of value, of course, but colleges have been giving the physical battles attention out of proportion to their importance. It is debatable, of course, as to whether this condition can

be changed, but it is worth consideration, being possible. America owes an increase of appreciation to mental development.

—HARRY W. FLANNERY.

If we were writing a catalogue of non-essential citizens, we should make room for the college student who finds fault with his

FLOWERS FOR THE KNOCKERS.

university. We mean the perpetual knocker. He is not absent, by any means, from Notre Dame. On the other hand, he will be at your elbow if you start a discussion of classes, professors or school. He has his facts marshalled and indexed to prove the inferiority of this or that when compared to corresponding qualities of other universities. No doubt he is just on the verge of quitting. A friend of his, for instance, who is a fraternity man at Blooblood College wants him to come there. It's funny that he never goes.

An instructor who inquired recently of the students in one of his classes found that only about fifteen per cent came to Notre Dame because they were sent by their parents. Most of them came of their own accord. Unless these chronic knockers belong to that smaller group, they ought to pack their neckties and get out. There are so many hundreds of colleges and universities over the broad land that these men ought gladly to board a Lake Shore train and begin anew somewhere else. Perhaps a few months at another university would be a tonic for some of these pessimists, the kind of tonic that the bitter sarsaparilla was which our mother used to give us in the springtime a good many years ago.

MOLZ.

TAPS.

The Mass for the dead has been said. Six old soldiers tenderly bear out the flag-draped casket. Six black horses draw the gun caisson away and the escort moves after as the muffled drum booms the slow dead march. Over the open grave three volleys crash. They echo, and re-echo through the drab woods. The priest murmurs a prayer and the trumpet wails the last call. An American has passed.

O'RIORDAN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor, The SCHOLASTIC:

Among the better class of magazines, wherein the reading public is privileged to express its opinions through a correspondence column, there is usually inserted just below the heading a statement: "*The Editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department.*" Such a caption is a necessity, because the letters received are for the most part contentious in character, and very often in reply to some article or other letter that has appeared. Now, this is the only way in which such articles can be printed without the Editorial Staff appearing to take sides with one of the factions in the controversy, or without their seeming to give their entire approval to such contributions.

I ask, as a humble reader and subscriber, that you adopt this practice, beginning with this issue. Furthermore, I would suggest when you hereafter receive anything from the clever Mr. Riordan—at least his name was affixed to "Hot Stuff for High-brows"—that you put it in the form of a letter.

Sincerely yours,

A SOPHOMORIC SOPHIST.

To the Editor:

I have read Mr. Riordan's denunciation of the sophomores in the last issue of the Scholastic. Might not a few words of defence from a Senior be welcome? The second-year gentleman may be dreaming, but what does the catalogue tell them? "This is the time for the young men to dream dreams", and surely no one will take issue with the catalogue. At Notre Dame, whenever a student, be he sophomore or senior, has dared to express publicly an idea or sentiment which smacked of novelty or change he has been howled down by the pack of ultra-conservatives who hide their own lights under convenient bushels the while to await another who has come into the open that they may devour him.

I remember in my own sophomore year one inspired youth overflowing with good intentions and some of Mr. Riordan's "dynamic sparks" orated publicly on the menace of the dress suit. And see what he has effected! Dress suits now hang untouched in darkened closets to make a Roman holiday for hungry moths. The flapping coat tail is now as barbaric as lace shoes and mustache cups. The upstart "Tux" rules without dispute. But when that sophomore had delivered those innocent but pungent remarks what a hail of fire and brimstone fell upon his cowlick! And the sources of most of his undeserved criticism were the bitter tongues of those who never, before or since, spoke their sentiments publicly.

Not that I am classing Mr. Riordan with these critics, for he comes out in the open with a cleverly constructed and very damaging arraignment of

McGuire's "Utopia." Notre Dame is in little danger from the "Intellectuals." They would naturally be expected to appear in earnest groups and cliques sometime during this transition from the little Boarding School That Was to the Great University That is To Be. But they will never become powerful enough to overthrow our rather hazy but nevertheless cherished tradition of the "Notre Dame man." Here's good luck to the rebellious sophomores—if they dream about Utopia in their second year it is safe to wager they will realize a little of it in our fourth. We did and we have.

EDWARD M. GOULD '23.

To the Editor:

There is nothing so pitiful as to see old age regretting its own childhood. The senile one looks down the years that will pursue him, and mutters at the things he did in his youth. That is, if he is a cynic. But if he be normal he holds to those tenderer years and the memories they bring—how beautiful they were; and what if he did make a few missteps? They were only the hurdles of experience.

But, the fact remains, he remembers these earlier stages of his life; he remembers them because they are the experiences he had in his youth, when his mind was more or less automatically released and therefore vagrant, just as the mind is in the morning of the day. His control of himself at that period is what has made of him the man he is today:—it is for him to say, "I am who was."

What I am hinting at is that possibly Mr. Riordan, in his youth, refused to eat his oatmeal in the morning, cried because he had to take a nap in the afternoon, and scowled at nurse when she brought him his mush and milk at six. So, not having spent his sophomortal days as befits a twenty-year-old dreamer, he is now become a cynic, and performs and functions in the manner I have above suggested. You see, what really is the matter is there are no "dynamic sparks emanating from the overcharged organs of perception above those Intellectual shoulders" (Ed. Whinell did he spell that with a capital I?).

This is as far as I have been able to psychoanalyze Mr. Riordan from his learned invective, but as soon as somebody spills ink on, or otherwise defaces, my Coué I shall feel obliged to buy another and send Mr. Riordan the old one, that he may set about to cure himself.

Sincerely yours,

ONE WHO CAN NO LONGER LIE DORMANT.

A good thought well expressed are so rare
that a million minds may fail to produce one
in a day.

FATHER KIRSCH: IN MEMORIAM.

The death, on January fifteenth, of Rev. Alexander Marion Kirsch, C. S. C., removed from the faculty of Notre Dame its oldest



member from the point of view of service and one of its most distinguished students of science. In him the Congregation of the Holy Cross mourns, too, a devoted priest whose life was a model of simplicity and humble self-sacrifice. His demise had been expected for some time, the last few years having been spent in suffering caused by an incurable malady.

As a boy of seventeen he left Luxemburg, where he had been born in 1855, for America. Fifty years ago last fall Notre Dame saw him for the first time and in 1873 he took the habit of the Congregation. His religious vows were taken in 1875, and in 1880 he was ordained a priest. The two following years were spent at the University of Louvain, Belgium, where he prepared to assume the heavy teaching duties which became his at our university. It is almost impossible to form an estimate of the sacrifices which his half-century of educational work involved. Notre Dame was small and poor in the beginning: and Father Kirsch taught as many as thirteen hours a day,

taught subjects ranging from German to Zoology. The work actually left him without sufficient time to get meals, so that only the robust constitution of the man could have resisted the appalling grind of daily labor. As the school grew he got time to devote himself to those branches of science in which he remained most deeply interested to the end—Zoology, Anatomy, and Geology. His name was synonymous with authority in these subjects, and during the years of his prime no teacher enjoyed a greater popularity with his classes or served them more devotedly.

At the mortuary Mass said over his body on the morning of January sixteenth, Rev. Thomas Irving, C. S. C., remembered in heartfelt terms the sacrifices of this career, begged the mercy of God for his judgment, and drew the lesson of his death. Rev. J. B. Scheier, C. S. C., was celebrant of the Mass; Rev. J. Galleher, C. S. C., was deacon, and Rev. Michael Oswald, C. S. C., sub-deacon. Rev. Francis Wenninger, C. S. C., acted as master of ceremonies. The sanctuary was filled with priests, while in the church knelt the student body of the university.

Father Kirsch coveted no honors, sought no applause. The testimonial of his desire was honest service bearing fruitful results. And the Notre Dame which misses him sorely may fancy with a wistful smile that he is singing in Heaven that deep-toned and joyful "Alleluiah" which he delighted so much in intoning on Easter Saturday mornings.

THE SAVIOUR'S COMING.

LEO R. WARD, C. S. C.

A little time before midnight on the eve of the great festival of Christmas, the members of a religious house, except perhaps those few, who, still engaged upon the last touches of the preparations, have not retired, are aroused by violin or vocal music; the "Adeste Fideles" rings out through corridors which ordinarily are consecrated to silence. This manner of being stirred from sweet slumber is, we grant, altogether out of the common, and is perhaps suggestive of

Michel Montaigne's pampered and peaceful youth. But was it not when all things were in silence and the night in the middle of its course that Thy Almighty Word, O Lord, leaped down from the heavens, from Thy royal throne?

So then the religious at midnight go marching through the long corridors and up or down the stairs to the chapel, all of course singing the appropriate sacred anthem, "Angels we have heard on high." Arranged in their places, they give reverent audience to the lector who, facing the Crib, announces the Nativity of Our Saviour. Then immediately follow the Midnight High Mass, beginning "Filius meus es tu," and the two low Masses, beginning "Lux fulgebit hodie super nos" and "Puer natus est nobis."

The religious, as we might infer, are extraordinarily engaged during the days immediately preceding the Nativity. They are engrossed in their tasks; occupied, usually in silence, with the special preparation of the corridors, the recreation rooms, the refectory, and, above all, the chapel. Every room and every bit of the slender furnishings must be garnished and made resplendent. The Christmas Crib must be constructed and artfully set out, with a view to reminding the religious of the simplicity and impoverishment in which Christ came and dwelt; a Christmas Tree, too, must be made ready and everything decked with evergreen and holly, not unto lavishness or gaudiness, but unto calmest serenity and homeliness.

All this, however, is by way of making ready, and so, might be considered as even accessory. For the festival proper begins with the High Mass at midnight on Christmas Eve, and with that it ends: all the grandeur and the import of the glorious feast are gathered up into that one supreme religious act; the careful revision has been intended mainly to add, if possible, to the solemnity of the Midnight Mass, and the looking back for a week or two or longer, is, above all else, to that most significant ceremony.

The Saviour then at midnight, veritably leaps from high heaven down to fallen man—He does not stoop merely, but He, God, comes down and dwells among us. During the second Mass the religious in silence make

their thank-offering for His coming, but during the other Masses they sing devotional Christmas lays. Of these perhaps none charms more by the simplicity and the tenderness of both its story and its music than "Carol, Christians," so vividly and pleasantly does it recall Our Lady's Carol, "I Sing of a Maiden."

The Christmas day and season, thus royally begun among the religioius, is kept jubilant throughout. Daily, of course, each assists at the Mass, and many times a day spontaneously visits the Crib. But the Infant's manger-crib seems hardly to retain all the potent attractiveness which it exercised on Christmas Eve, and the Holy Sacrifice itself seems to lose some of the air of silent but irresistible triumph which most fittingly were it own on the anniversary of the Saviour's Birth.

The plaint is made, nevertheless, that the Christmas spirit has vanished, that the simple but radical virtues—mortification, poverty, lowliness—which Christmas should forever teach, are lost sight of in the world of revelry which incidentally has come to monopolize the holiday season. The contention is not without foundation. But surely in Catholic homes and in Catholic countries, too, the great home-festival is something more and quite beyond a mere red-letter day in a season of gaiety; it begins properly—with Mass and a general Communion. And in a monastic establishment, if anywhere, the Catholic view and observance of an ecclesiastical festival should reign, and there, surely enough, as anyone who—by good fortune has spent a Christmas with the religious, can testify, the essential meaning of the Christmas holiday pervades both the solemnities and the festivities.

A NEW SOCIETY.

The formation of the Shakespeare Historical Club, under the able direction of Professor James Hines, is the result of an interesting desire to study English history by co-relating it with a character known to all. The club meets regularly and bulletins announcing its comings together are posted conspicuously and at regular intervals. Organizations of this sort are well worth joining.

FATHER CAVANAUGH'S ADDRESS.

On Thursday, January eleventh, Rev. Dr. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., delivered before the Boston Chamber of Commerce an address which has been widely quoted and commented upon. We reprint the following paragraphs in the hope that those who know the eloquence of our former president will be delighted with them as we—and the Boston Chamber of Commerce—have been:

"The most powerful force in the world is religion. The mainspring of all lofty action in every age of the world has been religion, which first fastened on the scattered families of men and wrought them into the primitive social unity.

"The great educator has been religion, which took hold of savage tribes, strong in the strength of the earth, and bent their stubborn necks to the yoke of obedience and restraint. The primary function of the church, of course, is to make men holy rather than cultured, but because in the accomplishment of her high mission she has felt constrained to invoke all the aids and instrumentalities by which men may be influenced for their betterment, the church is found in history to have been a school of music and poetry and eloquence and painting and architecture.

"The great colonizer has been religion, which has done over the whole earth what it did in our own America—gathered up little groups of men, torn them away from their homes, planted them in fresh soil under alien skies where they might find the liberty denied them at home to worship God according to conscience, to build their own altars, to light their own sacrificial fires, to utter in fuller freedom those petitions for help and strength and consolation that in a hundred tongues and in temples of a thousand shapes men every day send up to God.

"Gentlemen, it is on this force which you must rely for the solution of a problem which threatens the interests of property and the very existence of the Republic. Religion must confront anarchy face to face and she must say to anarchy: The most

sacred thing in all the world is authority. Authority is the golden ladder whose lowest round rests upon earth and whose top is bound to the great white throne of God. St. Paul speaks of the freedom wherewith Christ has made us free. Accept the law of God and you become a child of freedom; despise that law and you have become the slave of passion. Accept the laws of health and you live a happy, wholesome life, despise them and nature will scourge you with whips of scorpions and plague and disease. Accept the laws of the commonwealth and you move among your fellows majestic and independent as a king; transgress those laws and you must shun the face of day and skulk in the darkness like a hunted, hated thing. Wherever you turn, whether to religion or philosophy or history, whether to nature without or conscience within, whether to the health of soul or body, this lesson is written in letters of fire over all the universe: Obey law or die."

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

After a series of close preliminary contests in oratory, Professor Farrell made up his mind that of the bright lights among our college orators four were plainly the stars, and were not to be extinguished. Accordingly these four budding Websters faced two hundred auditors in Washington Hall on Wednesday evening, and clashed for the Breen Medal, awarded annually for excellence in oratory. The contestants, all them Seniors in the College of Arts and Letters, were: Norman De Grace, John E. Duffy, Raymond Murch, and Raymond Gallagher; the subject, handled manfully by these boys, dealt with such huge and vital issues as proper concepts of American History, the Living Wage, World Peace, and America's foreign policy. Mr. Gallagher, who won the Medal two years ago, and who so often in the last three years has honorably represented Notre Dame's Academic prowess, received the highest ranking from each of the judges, and so will again represent the University in the State Contest. Mr. Duffy, by his fiery earnestness, won second honors and the right to wear the Breen Medal. F. S.

THE DEBATES.

Last Tuesday evening several dozen students braved a refrigerated Washington Hall, and the prospect of remaining there for two and a half hours, to hear ten students talk at one another about the war debts due the United States from Europe. The judges were quite well agreed that Raymond Gallagher deserved the twenty-five dollars which it is traditional to award to the best debater. The other men placed in the order named: Leo R. Ward, Drummond, Cavanaugh, Breen, Murch, Duffy, Nolan, Higgins and Stanton.

In view of the fact that their merits are so evenly balanced, Father Bolger has decided to retain all the ten for the University debating team. With the single exceptions of Nolan and Stanton, who are juniors, the team is composed entirely of the uppermost classmen. Of these ten, an even half of them have represented Notre Dame in years agone, so with these veterans plus the excellent new talent, the University will have an organization of masterly arguers to propound her forensic views. Mr. Ward has been chosen captain of the affirmative standpoint, while Mr. Gallagher will direct the attack of the negativer.

Quotations of great moment could be culled from every address made; but a few were so outstanding that it would be a pity to have them unheralded.

"If there is any young man in this hall who would desire to see his money expended for the furtherance of the imperialism of Great Britain, the militarism of France, or the aggrandizement of Italy, let him raise his hand, for him have I offended."—Gallagher. (We are unable to say where Mr. Gallagher obtained the last phrase in his sentence. Some say from Shakespeare, others say from Mr. Duffy.)

"Gentlemen, are we to accept any statement merely on a person's *ipso dixit?*"—Duffy.

"Ladies and gentlemen," "Honorable judges," "the speaker who has just left the floor," "eleven billions of dollars," "In conclusion"—Everybody.

For lack of space we must refrain from quoting a very remarkable sentence of Paul

Breen's. Although uttered with lightning-like delivery, it consumed the greater part of three minutes before it finally found a period. In fact, Mr. Breen's rebuttal was almost entirely consumed by it. F. S.

FAMILIAR FOLKS.

A Christmas card from Mr. Henry Dockweiler, shows that his present address is the American Legation, Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic.

The Reverend Nicolas Corona, an uncle of Mr. José Corona of the Spanish Department, will be consecrated Bishop of Papantla, Mexico, on January twenty-eighth. Father Corona was exiled from his country during the recent revolution because of his sympathies, and is noted for the influence he exerts over his people.

John Huether, '22, former S. A. C. representative, and one of Professor Caparo's protegees, is with the testing department of the General Electric Company at Schenectady, New York.

Through the courtesy of Francis O'Shaughnessy, Chicago, the Scholastic is in receipt of the following comment on the Nebraska-Notre Dame game, made by a friend who witnessed it: "In the second half Notre Dame switched to forward passes and made a splendid showing. I personally believe that Notre Dame outplayed Nebraska in the second half. All football fans pronounced it a wonderful game. A true sportsman can always get his money's worth when these two teams lock horns for a battle." We might add that Notre Dame never fails to provide an interesting game, and if the gentleman witnesses next year's game with the Cornhuskers, he will not be disappointed.

Frank Farrington, '20, whose adventures with tons of money have been duly recorded in these columns, has returned to the States from Peru where he had a governmental contract with the Department of Education. As yet he has not made known his plans for the future.

BOOK LEAVES

C. O. M.

Nineteen twenty-three! But the new year tells nothing, hints nothing of what it may bring in great books, or even just ordinary good books. We hope, and believe, the year will bring us better American fiction than 1922 brought us. Last year was a disappointment any way it is considered. New authors did not appear to give pleasure or nourishment. The young intellectuals began to wear the appearance of approaching age; their vitality, but not their egotism, seemed to have diminished. The stalwarts of the fiction factory brigade were as active as ever. With the exception of Kathleen Norris, who turned from the draperies of domestic life to the broad outlines of sweeping genealogy, their work was unchanged. In a land where literature is pursued as commerce not as art, noteworthy books of non-fiction are always inconspicuous. Nineteen twenty-two brought a few biographies, a few political retrospections—what else? But as we have said, here's to 1923!

An unfailing sign of the new year is the publication of reminiscences about Stevenson in *Scribners*. Ever since we can remember, *Scribners* has been partial to the great Samoan. In the January issue, Sir Edmund Radcliffe Pears writes "Some Recollections of Robert Louis Stevenson", which any lover of Stevenson may pause over. In the same number, we like the appreciation of Thomas Nelson Page by Armistead C. Gordon. Page belonged to another age, an age which venerated southern chivalry and which disappeared when the power of the old South declined. But to the pages of his books, Page transferred that age and we may find it revivified in "Ole Virginia" and those other volumes Page has given us.

The present year is the centenary of Coventry Patmore's birth. We say this in the hope that it will inspire those who are unacquainted with his verse—may they be few—to know a great poet. Patmore wrote not voluminously, it is true, but in all that he did write there is the sincerity of a master who is simple, not profound, of a teacher who is inspired by love.

"Granite and Alabaster" is the title of a volume of chastely written poems whose author, Raymond Holden, presents his first collected work. Despite the ability of the poet to translate his emotion into pleasing rhythms, his work lacks the spontaneity that is breathed into genuine poetry. The movement of his verse seems at times strained and awkward. That the author has poetic facility for short verse forms is shown by the manner of "Storm", "Different Streets", "Early Trees" and several other notable stanzas. He is at his best

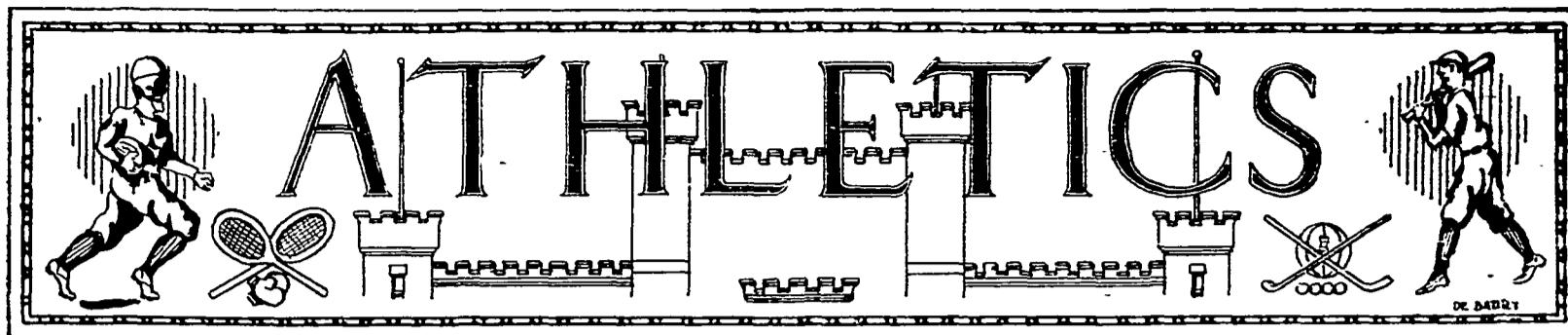
when he forgets regularity of meter and forms in deference to his thought. Of the longer poems in the book, "Rock Fowler" is the best. Even here, however, the poet has sacrificed the natural movement of the poem to a monotonous rhyme form. "Granite and Alabaster" is published by Macmillan.

Those who have followed the work of Christopher Morley as an artist of the light essay, a poet who writes with piquancy and beauty, and a story teller of vivid imagination may be somewhat disappointed in "Where the Blue Begins." This story is phantasy first, then humor, then satire. It is best as humor which is strengthened by the charm of Morley's style. For reading, the book does very well as pastime. Still, we found ourself just a bit bored, hurrying eagerly toward that final word of finis.

Among the more important books of mid-winter fiction are "The Seven Ages of Woman," Compton Mackenzie, Frederick A. Stokes; "Salome of the Tenements," Anna Yezierka, Boni Liveright; "Druids," John T. Frederick, Knopf.

In England, Burns, Oates and Washburn are preparing a definitive edition of the poems of the late Alice Meynell. . . . It is interesting to know that shortly after Tennyson's death, Coventry Patmore in the London *Saturday Review* suggested the name of Alice Meynell for poet laureate. . . . Boni Liveright will shortly publish a new novel of Gertude Atherton's, "Black Oxen" Sinclair Lewis has taken up permanent residence in Hartford, Conn. . . . Hilaire Belloc will visit America within the next month on a lecture and a travel tour "Any book," says the New York *Tribune*, "that makes one-half of the people look down contemptuously on the other half is bound to be successful." Which partly explains the success of "Main Street." . . .

Dutton will publish this month a volume entitled "The New Spirit in English Verse", an anthology which will include Kipling, Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc, Walter de la Mare, W. H. Davies, Alfred Noyes, Arthur Symons and many others. . . . "Deadlines" by Henry Justin Smith is an interesting reflection of newspaper life. . . . Sales of "If Winter Comes" have passed the four hundred thousand mark. . . . Those who are interested in Irish Literature will find parts of "Ireland's Literary Renaissance" by Ernest Boyd entirely worth reading, though the work needs to be considered as history rather than criticism, even though a volume of this kind cannot be written without the author's occasionally rendering judgments instead of facts. . . . Forty two books are on the mid-winter list of Boni Liveright out of a total of 2019 manuscripts received during recent months. Casualties, 1977. . . . "Books are friends well made and friends long kept."



BRINGING HOME THE ARMOUR BACON.

HARRY McGUIRE.

Notre Dame started the second half of the basket schedule last Monday night by galloping over Armour Institute of Chicago, in the gym, 29 to 14. The team as a whole was not up to form, though Capt. Kane and Layden were working well.

Armour started off by taking a lead of four points, but two free throws by Kizer and a pretty basket by Layden tied the count. Capt. Kane, back in the game for the first time in a month, put his team in the lead with an overhead throw, and Kizer passed to Layden for another score. Several good chances were foozled as Armour crept up till the score was 10 to 8. Kizer sank two free throws and passed to Miller for the only Irish points in the last five minutes of the half.

After Danzinger had made a difficult basket, Kane went back and fought through the opposition for a goal. Layden made two baskets and then Kane shot another nifty one. Enright was removed from the game on four personal fouls, and was relieved by Logan, who straightway grabbed a pass from Layden and added two points to our score. Reardon, O'Boyle, Miller and Coffey were substituted in the final five minutes, but failed to score.

The game was unusually rough toward the close, and there were personal fouls galore. Kizer made 11 out of 19 tries from the foul line, while Armour made only 4 out of 11. Notre Dame's floor play was far superior to that of the visitors, but our men seemed to lose their sense of accuracy when they got near the basket.

Interhall relay races run between the halves resulted in victories for Brownson over Freshman hall, Corby over Walsh, Carroll over Day-Dodgers, and Badin over Sorin.

With a record of seven victories out of twelve college games played during the first half of the season, Coach Halas' men are counting on even a better showing than this in the remaining games. Nine out of eleven of these will be played here, and the comparative success which our boys enjoyed while playing on foreign floors presages a nice long string of victories now that the home schedule begins.

The summary:

NOTRE DAME (29)	FB	FT	PF	TF
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Enright, f	1	0	4	0
Kane f	3	0	3	0
Layden, c	3	0	0	0
Kizer, g	1	11	1	0
Mayl, g	0	0	0	0
Miller, c	1	0	0	0
Logan, f	1	0	1	0
Reardon, g	0	0	0	0
Mahoney, f	0	0	0	0
Sheehan, f	0	0	0	0
O'Boyle, g	0	0	0	0
Coffey, f	0	0	0	0
Totals	9	11	9	0

ARMOUR (14)	~
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J. McLaren, f	1	0	3	0
A. Danzinger, f	2	0	0	0
Gaylord, c	1	3	2	0
Lee, g	0	0	3	0
Johnson, g	1	1	3	0
Greenleaf, f	0	0	0	0
Busch, g	0	0	2	0
Terry, f	0	0	0	0
Totals	5	4	13	0

Free throws missed—Kizer, 8; Gaylord, 5; Johnson, 2.

Referee—Ray, Illinois. Umpire—Cooper, Springfield.

FREE SPORTS.

A two-mile relay team will represent Notre Dame at the I. A. C. indoor meet at Chicago, Jan. 26. Kennedy, Barber, Cox and Dianey are favorites for the quartet which will not be finally selected until a few days before the meet. The rest of the track squad will continue active training for the first dual meet of the year with Illinois at the local gym Feb. 17.

Cancellation of a game by St. Viator's leaves the Irish basketball five without a contest during the coming week. An attempt to schedule Wabash failed although the Little Giants may come to Notre Dame early in March. The next contest on the floor slate will be with Butler, here, on Jan. 22, after which the team will rest again until Feb. 7 and 8, when a two-day trip will be made downstate to meet Indiana and Depauw.

Capt. Kane returned to the game last week and added a punch to the offensive. Layden showed well at center against Armour and may be continued at that position. Kizer and Mayl will remain at guards where both have been going well. The line-up now appears to be in a more settled stage than at any time during the season.

The first hockey game of the year may be played with the American School of Osteopathy sextet, of Kirksville, Mo. A request has been received from the Missouri school for a game here about Jan. 22 at which time the visiting puck-chasers will be returning from an eastern trip. If the ice is good at that time the game will probably be played.

WALLACE.

THE FOOTBALL SCHEDULE.

Tiger meat is the tempting bait which Coach Rockne holds for his 1923 wanderers in their search of the football jungles. Princeton, which typifies to the east what Notre Dame is to the west—speed, courage and smartness—has proved itself a good sport. The Tigers are willing to take a chance on Rockne and his promising kids. Rockne and his kids, of course, are willing to take on anybody, anywhere and at any time that does not interfere with those

precious class marks which are gradually becoming as much of a Notre Dame football tradition as the matter of winning victories.

Notre Dame has come through a remarkably active history of athletics with little traces of unpleasantness. The Irish teams travel to many fields, give everything they have—it is usually enough—play as hard and as clean football as the other team and invariably walk away with the good wishes of the opposition whether in victory or defeat.

In the case of Princeton this good feeling is heightened. The Tigers are honorable foes men and worthy fighters. Every football game has an atmosphere—and the color of the proposed conflict with Princeton is inviting, enticing. Each team will respect the other; a national championship and a supremacy in coaching may rest upon the outcome. The game will develop the ultimate in modern football. It will bring together truly representative teams of east and west. Let joy be unconfined. Buy yourself a ticket for the east next fall.

Army at New York City is another high spot on this unusual setting for the 1923 Notre Dame grid story. Georgia Tech on Cartier field represents a third feature. Nebraska will take on a new importance next year and Carnegie Tech will be even stronger than the eleven of 1922. Purdue will furnish the homecoming game unless the stands are enlarged to permit the overflow crowd which homecoming would attract with Georgia Tech as the opponent.

The schedule:

Sept. 29—Kalamazoo here.

Oct. 6—Lombard here.

Oct. 13—West Point at New York City.

Oct. 20—Princeton at Princeton.

Oct. 27—Georgia Tech at Notre Dame.

Nov. 3—Purdue at Notre Dame. (Homecoming tentative.)

Nov. 10—Nebraska at Lincoln.

Nov. 17—Butler here.

Nov. 24—Carnegie Tech at Pittsburg.

Nov. 29—St. Louis U. at St. Louis.

INTRODUCING PROF. ROCKNE.

The sciences are chemistry, football and track.

In 1915, Knute Kenneth Rockne, a bright young student graduated from the school of science at Notre Dame as a chemist. During the same year he had graduated from football with all-American degrees and had managed to roll over an extended bar 12 feet and four inches in the air, aided and abetted by a pole. He broadjumped and ran the half-mile.

He went to work at once. Student Rockne became an instructor in chemistry, football and track. He served as instructor in chemistry until 1920 when his specialty of football made him famous and required all of his time in the fall. Various formulas in forward passing and off-tackle brushes had turned the trick. An uncanny knowledge of human chemicals helped.

To-day he is recognized as one of the mentors in football. He turns out individual champions in track and produces squads which ran second and fourth in the two national college track meets.

To do these things he uses theory by holding football and track lectures for his men during the regular seasons and adds extra class of football for the six weeks of spring training. He compels the use of note books, exercises the right of a teacher to quiz and concludes his course with a written examination. Rockne abhors a dumbbell. He prefers a smart lightweight to a dense clod of beef—which explains the usual slenderness and speed of his elevens. His talks are cluttered with psychology and analogies drawn from science.

True to his chemical training, he holds laboratory on the field daily. And both in class and in the "lab" he has his following of young men who are taking notes and which made Rockne a great leader of men and a keen coach—which is their goal, also.

And like the dean of other departments, the head of the department of athletics has jobs waiting for his graduates who wish to take up coaching.

WALLACE.

EVERLBODY OUT.

D. C. M.

Winter is a season of shifting winds and varying atmospheres. One morning is sunny and crisp as a new dollar bill; the next is sullen, gloomy, damp, reminding you of nothing so much as Pittsburgh. And after all, who likes Pittsburgh? This condition of the weather is of direct influence upon health and must be taken into consideration by every student. Many forms of the grippe and of more virulent contagious diseases are prevalent, and are no trouble at all to catch. The only trouble is shaking them.

Of course, it is impossible to insure immediately from illness. Still, there are certain pleasures which can be taken with reasonable assurance that they will ward off attacks. In addition to getting enough sleep—eight hours beginning as much *before* midnight as possible are usually advised by good doctors—and eating rationally, nothing is so essential as exercise. During this winter season the usual attractive games are, unfortunately, impossible. Is the student therefore to stay in his room and wait, with a cold in his head, for spring?

No. Winter at Notre Dame offers a number of opportunities. Skating is possible, of course, for those who skate, and many a work-out can be taken in the gymnasium. How about walking to town instead of riding? There isn't any economy in it, nor are we trying to cut down the profits of the street-car company: only, moving your legs at a rapid pace through the glinting air brings into action a myriad cells and glands which, like the ground-hog and the bear, want to sleep through the winter. How about trying a hike over the country roads to see what nature is like in January? Anyhow, it's getting out that counts. "All out" is a command that can be disobeyed only at the expense of dragging in its opposite—"All in."

"Take keer o' yerself."

Many fathers of college men think that their sons are specializing in money and banking.

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MAYBE IT'S THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.

Two men doing some excavation work on the campus of the University of Minnesota, recently, discovered the skeletons of two Indians. The bones have since been placed in the University Museum. There is a possibility of such a thing happening here at Notre Dame too, when the new buildings are erected, because these grounds were popular reservations at one time for the various tribes of "red skins" that paddled their birch barks up and down the old St. Joe.

Jazz orchestras will not be confined to the dance halls in the future if the plan of skating by orchestra music that is to be tried out at Wisconsin University is generally adopted. Provisions are now being made by the Badger faculty to have a six piece band each evening for the student skaters throughout the remaining winter months.

THIS MAKES US WHINE.

Professor A. J. Mix, of the Botany department at Kansas University has discovered a solution of iron sulphate which if sprayed on the lawn in the spring will prevent dandelions from growing. This seems strange! We have been under the impression that it was a dandelion fertilizer, and not a destroyer, that everyone wants nowadays.

The co-eds of the Michigan Agricultural College will give their annual prize costume Prom this month, but instead of the girls extending bids to the fellows, the girls invite one another to go. It is a dance where positively no men are allowed. All of the girls go in couples, however; one dressed as a man and the other dressed in some feminine attire. To get even with them, we think the eds there should give a formal dance and invite their buddies.

A GOOD ENDOWMENT POLICY.

How would you like to take out a one thousand dollar life insurance policy and name the university which you are attending as the beneficiary? This question was put to the students at Washington and Lee University with reference to a plan for endowing their alma mater, and immediately a number of the students took out a policy on which they pay a premium of five cents a day.

An all-university carnival was held at Nebraska last week to raise funds for destitute European

students. Some four hundred students arranged everything in such a manner that the real carnival atmosphere prevailed during the entire day. There were side-shows, shooting galleries, race horses, fish ponds, roulette wheels and fortune tellers, besides the usual number of ice cream cone, pop corn, peanut, hamburger and hot dog venders.

WHAT SAY TO THIS, FELLOWS?

There is a diversity of opinion among the eds and co-eds at Indiana University regarding the adoption of the "leap week," in which the girls would have to ask the fellows for dates. Most of the men are in favor of it because they believe that the regular "leap year" comes around too seldom for the girls to appreciate the frantic telephoning that must be done at times to get a date, not to mention the sacrifices that must often be made to provide money for good times. Most of the co-eds, on the other hand, object to it because they do not think the plan practical. Brodie took a chance, girls.

With rapid developments in the radio science from year to year, we may properly expect to find students obtaining an education without having to leave their homes to attend the university. Already several professors at the University of Chicago are broadcasting their lectures (similar to those given in the class room) to all points within a one thousand mile radius of Chicago. One big advantage of this method of educating would be the students privilege to "tune out" the station from which the professor would send.

SMOKES PREFERRED TO STUDIES.

Cheer up fellows if ever you have been caught smoking in your room and received a few demerits for the offence. Think of the unfortunate girls at Wellesly College who violate the smoking rule at the risk of expulsion. Last week one of the house mothers caught two girls smoking in their room, and when they were told that they would be given another chance, the girls replied that they preferred to leave rather than attend "such an unprogressive institution."

A GRAVE COURSE TO FOLLOW!

More than sixty students have enrolled in the short course in embalming that is offered this quarter at Minnesota University. Applicants for the course who intend to get a university certificate must have had at least one year of high school education, one year of practical experience in the embalming business; and must be of good moral character. It appears to us that the course should attract more students than it has because it is one that will always be of value to the undertaker.

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